

11630. C. 6
16

THE
COURT BROKER.
A
DESCRIPTION
OF AN
ANTI-PATRIOT:

In a CONFERENCE between

Sir Thomas Gresham's Statue,

In the ROYAL EXCHANGE;

AND ITS

NEAR NEIGHBOUR.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Fox, near Leaden-ball-street. 1747.

[Price Six Pence.]

COURT BROKER

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

ANTI-PARTISAN:

In a Controversy between

Sir Thomas Grenville's Statue,

In the Royal Exchange;

AND ITS

WARR WEIGHBOUR.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Long, Pall Mall, 1747.



[Price six Pence.]

COURT BROKER.

SILENCE ye Cits, let Patriots be dumb;
 Permit your Anti-Courtier now to come,
 Who vows no M-n-rch shall your Rights
 invade,
 And stands the watchful Dragon of your Trade;
 Like that who kept *Hesperian* Fruit of old,
 And watch'd the Tree, because the Apple's *Gold*.
 When *R-b--t* ravag'd thus our modern Guard,
 Stood constant Centry, and held *Watch* and *Ward*,
 Seem'd, as he now does, Honours to despise,
 A Foe inveterate to all *Excise*,
 Cou'd vote against *Conventions* made with *Spain*,
 And said a standing Army was our Bane,
 Whole Hours his Voice *St. St-ph-n's* Dome has shook,
 And *Placemen* fate, and trembled as he spoke.
 Oft has he thunder'd in the People's Ears,
 His own Resentments to augment their Fears:
 Fair *Liberty* and *Trade* was all his Cry,
 "Who shall defend 'em?—That, says he, will I.
 He join'd th' *Enquiry* when with one Consent,
 The C-mm-n-s wou'd have made poor *B--* relent.

All this and more he did, 'till common Fame,
 Taught Eccho to repeat the Patriot's Name.
 'Till *Pel-m* came, like *Hercules*, at last,
 And with a Potion set this Dragon fast.
B--th had an Earldom to content his Wife,
 And *Om-rsl-y* now sleeps quite free from Strife.
 Ev'n *C--tt-n* for two Years hath nothing spoke;
 And the *Broad-Bottom* is intirely broke.
 Honours are shed on all the Party round,
 And new-made P--rs in borrow'd Robes abound;
 So thick they swarm, that any one wou'd think,
 Fortune gave Favours like a *Slut in Drink*.
Ermine and *Coronets* were hurl'd about,
 And *Titles* were conferr'd without a Thought:
 Sir J-- accepts of none, but sily waits,
 To barter Int'rest, and to buy Estates:
 Of this He's Need, or else he's much bely'd--
 Ask *Co-ert-n*, if he is QUALIFY'D?
 However see th'Effect of close Disguise;
 Infatuation makes a Statue rise.

STATUES were first for Publick Good design'd,
 To shew th'Esteem and Value of Mankind;
 To keep in Memory the virtuous Man,
 Who for his Country form'd some perfect Plan;
 That the wise Statesman might to Ages live,
 When Years and Time no longer Life wou'd give.
 Hence rose the Patriot carv'd on *Parian* Stone,
 The Semblance like, tho' the good Man was gone;
 Hence shone the Warrior cast in burnish'd Brass,
 With threatning Brow denoting what he was.
 The *Grecian* States their Heroes thus rever'd,
 And a whole Hundred to *Demetrius* rear'd.

But 'ere he died the idle Cheat was known,
Publick Resentment quickly pull'd 'em down.
 So shou'd false Patriots fall a Sacrifice,
 Where Clamour, not true Merit, made 'em rise.
 When Men by Falshood wriggle into Fame,
 Their Statues stand as Blocks to mark their Shame.
 A private Pique may public Virtue seem,
 As Men sometimes talk Sense when in a Dream;
 Why shou'd the *Test Act* ever be repeal'd,
 Whilst Conscience truckles, and can keep conceal'd?
 Dissenters have deny'd their Faith and Sect,
 At *Hick's Hall* a Jury to direct;
 And all their Spleen against the Church wou'd cease
 To be but dubb'd a *Justice of the Peace*.
 In this fam'd City once a pious *May'r*
 Carried his *Mace* to PAUL's at Morning Pray'r,
 And in the Afternoon, expos'd to View,
 'Twas plac'd beside a *Conventicle Pew*.
Sir J— (who never had that Title bore,
 Had he the Quaker's Coat and Neckcloth wore)
 Wisely foreboding Honour in his Breast,
 Quitted their Plainness to be fable-dress'd;
 The Saints of *Grace-Church-street*, and at the *Pael*
 Too much the Loss of such a Speaker feel:
 How wou'd that Voice the Females Souls have charm'd
 That has so oft the slumb'ring Senate warm'd?
 Debates had then but Quakers Speeches been,
 And that were stil'd *true Grace*, which was but *Spleen*,
Naylor and *Fox* might have inspir'd the Tongue,
 Which has so oft attack'd haranguing *Y—nge*;
 But he the safer Magistracy chose,
 The Arts by which the *quondam* Tremblers rose;

Forfook

Forlook the Gall'ry where the Speakers sit,
 On *Hustings*, to expose his Sense and Wit;
 And by *Integrity* and *Honour* known
 Deceive the Liv'ry and cajole the Gown.
 The Lion's Skin cou'd not the Beast conceal,
 His Braying did his Character reveal;
 Nor can the Chain, or the rich furr'd Outside,
 The formal Cant and inward Quaker hide.
 Disguise a-while may blind the giddy Croud,
 And some be Patriots deem'd because they're proud;
 But Ostentation pulls their Honours down,
 True Merit adds the Value to the Stone.
 Where Kings are proud to have their Statues plac'd,
Gresham adorns the Pile his Genius rais'd,
 True Friend to Trade, by Commerce he improv'd
 The Nation's Credit, and the Arts he lov'd;
 Brought Riches home from ev'ry foreign Shore,
 And *England* glutted with all *India's* Store:
 For this his Countrymen adore his Name,
 And raise a grateful Statue to his Fame;
 His Genius hov'ring round his awful Bust
 Views *B---d's* mimic Likeness with Disgust,
 As an Intruder on the lofty Dome,
 Which he design'd to emulate old *Rome*;
 With Indignation at his Rival struck,
 He thus addresses th' inferior Block.

Gr.] Shall *Stockjobbers* with legal Traders vie,
 Or *Underwriters* Merchants all defy?
 What glorious Deeds, O *B---d* hast thou done,
 That they shou'd set thee glaring there in Stone?
 All's Ostentation, Vanity and Pride,
 Puffing and Shew, a Tinsel meer Outside:

What

What caus'd the Stir when first with Spleen and Rage
 You strove the Alley-jobbers to engage?
 The Brokers Bill you urg'd with all your Might,
 To hinder them, that you might *underwrite*.
 And where's the Diff'rence, tell me awful Sir,
 T'insure a foreign Ship, or Stocks transfer?
 By this you aid your Foes; the *French* when took,
 Not hurt, to you for their Insurance look:
 Loudly you mov'd at first the War 'gainst *Spain*,
 Yet thus in *Secret* still their Trade maintain;
 What can your Oratory all avail,
 When thus your private Practice turns the Scale?
 The Sentiments you in the Senate boast,
 Before you reach the City, all are lost:
 Here you against Oppression cry aloud,
 And with Harangues amuse the gaping Croud,
 Tell them the City's Rights you will protect,
 And all their Councils for the best direct;
 But, closetted at C--rt, you this forget,
 And turn a fawning Sycophant complete.

IN this I glory that the *public Spirit*
 Here placed me, conscious of my *innate Merit*,
 The due Reward of Virtue after Death,
 More than the puffing Praise of Porter's Breath.

B.] Public Applause is sure the Test of Fame;
 For this the Vulgar halloo out my Name,
 On ev'ry Lord May'r's Day my Coach surround,
 And *Jews* at *Jonathan's* my Praise resound.
 My steady Virtue in my Country's Cause,
 My firm Adherence to her penal Laws,
 First rais'd me up; by this I gain'd the Chair,
 For this they chose me as a *Patriot May'r*.

Gr.] And how there Hopes were answer'd is well
 Your gen'rous Spirit put some Gin-shops down; [known,
 The Terror of all Chandlers Shops you reign'd,
 But not one Priv'lege for the City gain'd:
 Nor could your boasted Wisdom once descry,
 What purblind *P-rry* found with half an Eye:
 'Tis true you crush'd the Play at *Goodman's Fields*,
 But suffer'd *Balls*, and *Concerts*, and the *Wells*;
 As if a moral Drama were a Sin,
 And Dancing, Drinking, Whoring Nothing in.

B.] Bold is th' Attempt to stem the Torrent *Vice*,
 When on our Actions thus you criticise.
 Does not the gen'ral Voice proclaim my Worth,
 And by this Statue set my Virtues forth;
 Rais'd whilst I'm living, which with Pride I view,
 Your's they mounted when you nothing knew:
 What Pleasure can such After-honours bring?
 I look and think myself the City's K—g.
 You a poor Merchant who once built a Change,
 And Me a Lord at large therein to range—
 —Such *grinning Honour*, as my Name-sake says,
 I like not; give me Gain and living Praise.

Gr.] Reflect with Horror on your Conduct past,
 When like a *Snake* your outward Skin you cast.
 We know what by your fair-laid Scheme was meant,
 And how you bellow'd out for *Three per Cent.*
 Tenacious to the last your Point you held,
 And still persisted, tho' you were repell'd.
 'Twere Pity but the Widows, you'd have hurt,
 Had join'd and roll'd you in your native Dirt.

B.] My Scheme was good, Fools cou'd not under-
 And so deny'd a Blessing to the Land; [stand,
 Such

Such Murmurs rise, or from Caprice or Whim;
'Tis fit that some shou'd sink, whilst others swim.

Gr.] It is well known that Pride will seldom stoop;
And when the Race begins, 'tis wrong to droop;
Plung'd in Deceit who then wou'd backward go,
'Tis better far to wade the Current thro';
Applauding Tools perhaps may think you brave,
And praise you as you're buoyant on the Wave;
But think how vain is popular Applause!
A Stream that on the Surface bears but Straws;
If you unsteadily or heedless tread,
Down sinks your Triumph like a Lump of Lead;
Yet hitherto you've swam on Bladders borne,
Beware, Beware, there comes a threat'ning Thorn:
All is not Gold that glisters, nor a Noise,
Or long Oration, makes a Patriot Voice;
When *Orf-rd* was attack'd, what did you then,
Him whom you'd often made the worst of Men?
The City trusted you, and thought you wise,
But you forgot the Shock of the *Excise*,
That Dread of Trade; and not one single Word
Cou'd you against your Enemy afford;
Yet to their Int'rest you're attach'd, you cry,
And for their servile Votes on that rely.

THE Opposition o'er, and *R-b-rt* gone,
The Mask is left, and your plain Visage shewn:
What he by all his Art cou'd ne'er obtain,
More crafty *P-l-m* in one Year cou'd gain.
Pride taught you Patriotism; gave you Pow'r,
And that same *Pride* at last has brought you o'er;
He knew the Doctrine with your Milk imbib'd,
Quakers are not by Titles to be brib'd;

But

But shake the *Purse*, and they like *Horses* come,
 As to the Corn-bag bridled and led home.
 Money 'tis said the Sinew is of War,
 And Ministers that Sinew must prepare;
 Their Arts may fail, a *Broker* must be found
 Who can discreetly drain our Purses round:
 And who more proper for the dirty Work
 Than one who *jobs* for *Christian*, *Jew*, or *Turk*;
 Doubtless you in the public Plunder shar'd,
 Or was its Virtue still its own Reward?
 Six Millions are a Trifle, tho' your Scheme,
 At *Four per Cent.* seems drove to an Extreme;
 When good *Eliza* reign'd she did not so;
 Ask honest *Walsingham*; he ought to know:
 By Dint of Trade we strove t'enrich the Isle,
 And not our Fellow Subjects to beguile.

B.] How idle is your Speech?—I only strove
 My hearty Steadiness and Zeal to prove;
 By this at once my Consequence I shew,
 And let the Courtiers know what I can do.
 Alike to Ministers and Cits a Friend,
 Both on my single Aid alone depend;
 Firmly the City's Rights I have maintain'd,
 Nor once in that by Calumny been stain'd.

Gr.] Silence vain Boaster! spite of all your Art,
 Boldly let me this honest Truth impart;
 You never did a real solid Good
 Since in the City's Grace so high you stood.
 Why mourns the Tradesman when by Duns oppress,
 In empty Shop he strikes his pensive Breast,
 And sees the *Hawker* passing by his Door,
 Ev'n to his Teeth expose his peddling Store;

The

The Refuse of *Duke's Place* shall thrive amain,
 And Foreigners grow fat with *English Gain*;
 Shall *Israel's* Outcasts thus our Laws abuse?
 They pay no Taxes, and they've Nought to lose;
 Yet the Retailer must not dare to speak,
 Tho' he scarce takes a Shilling in a Week.
 This has been done, yet you no Pow'r exert
 To scourge these Wretches as your just Desert;
 But, urg'd by your Electors, sculk behind,
 And in Excuse a poor Evasion find.
 What Liberties have Freemen, when a *Jew*
 Shall in the City's Heart his Trade pursue?
 Or with a walking Shop, scarce worth Five Pound,
 Ev'n at th'Exchange shall deal his Trinkets round?
 When *S-l-r*, with just Indignation mov'd,
 This growing Evil honestly reprov'd;
 So far from joining in the gen'ral Cause
 To ease the Vagrants you broke thro' the Laws.
 By this you him insulted, and to boot
 Trampled the City Trophies under Foot.
 When call'd upon to answer this Offence,
 What cou'd you say, where then was fled your Sense?
 Yet even this you brav'd, and in your Pride
 Ne'er to Electors in due Form apply'd.
 By *JONAS* challeng'd, poorly slunk away,
 Afraid to stand the Roasting of that Day:
 Some had *Integrity* and *Honour* too,
 But pray to recommend you, what had you?
 Why join'd with them to sooth the Rabble Rout,
 And sent your Friends to puff your Praise about?
 False Fame a-while may gild a rotten Cause,
 And canting Modesty Attention draws,

Who hurts us most, the Man whose bold Designs
FREEDOM *subverts*, or he that *undermines*.
Disguise may for a Moment shift the Scene,
But Facts will tell what such Deceptions mean.

No more then aim to be a Patriot thought,
But study who is to be sold and bought.
Plod on Slave like, and find some new Pretence,
To raise more Millions and secure the Pence.
Scorn'd by the City and the C--rt as well,
Like *Mab'met's* Coffin hang 'twixt H--n and H--ll.

THOSE who subscrib'd that stately Block to raise,
Have wrong'd your Face, and scandaliz'd the Base;
An artful *Janus* shou'd at Top appear,
The Bottom shou'd this *just Inscription* bear:
"To fam'd Sir J-- this Statue we erect,
" Who *talk'd* of Trade, but ne'er would *Trade protect*;
" No Place at C--rt cou'd suit his mighty Soul,
" Yet privately he'd be a *Statesman's* Tool;
" Sometimes he v-t-ed in the *People's Cause*,
" And *undeserving* gain'd a loud *Applause*;
" *Proud* in the City, *supple* at the C--rt,
" The Mob's fond Idol, Politicians Sport;
" For this gross Flattery here inscrib'd his Name,
" Judge, Reader, if for Honour, or for Shame."

11 49

F I N I S.